

(Enter RAGHUPATI and

PRINCE

NAKSHATRA.)

Raghupati

Prince, where have you
kept the
boy I

Nakshatra

He is in the room, where the
vessels
for worship are kept* He has
cried
himself to sleep. I think I
shall never
be able to bear it, when he
wakes up
again.

Raghupati

Jaising was of the same age
when
he came to me. And I
remember
how he cried till he slept at
the feet
-of...the Goddess,—the temple
lamp
dimly shining on his tear-
stained child-
face. It was a stormy
evening like
this.

Nakshatra

Father, delay not. I wish to
finish
it all, while he is sleeping.
His cry
pierces my heart like a knife.